Mr. Coleman's LEGACIES.

OR, A

DISCOVERY

OF

POPISH MALICE;

WITH AMPLE

CAUTIONS

To beware of

Dangerous Seducers.

With Allowance.

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DEAR Country, where my Infant Breath I drew,
Thy Int'reſt once I eager did purſue;
Employ'd my Thoughts, and ſo compell'd my Will
To be obedient to thy Dictates ſtill:
Serious in nothing but what juſt might prove
To ſettle Friendſhip, and Eternal Love:
Bound in my Conſcience to protect thy Cauſe,
The which long ſtarted at the breach of Laws;
Diſowning baſeneſs, and all private Sin,
That ope's the Soul and lets black Treaſons in.
Ah! —— had I but ſo happy been to know
That Bliſsful State, and to continue ſo:
Free had I been, as Nature could afford,
Protected by great Juſtice's awful Sword,
The which now Fate turns on me; I muſt feel
The weighty preſſure of offended Steel,
Breath'd from deſtructive Air, the cruel Guilt
For which my Blood muſt be ſo juſtly ſpilt:
Air breath'd from *Rome*, pernicious Tempeſts roll,
To blaſt with Mildews, ſpot the candid Soul
With laſting ſtains; make it more vile than he,
Who counts himſelf on Earth a Deity:
Compos'd of Duſt, yet arrogates the name

Of

Of him who rules the Universal Frame;
Deceiving mortals with a fond conceit,
That murders will promote 'em, make 'em great,
But the Design is to support his Seat;
The which on seven high Mountains plac'd there Waits
The Triple Sisters on the Triple Fates,
Pride, Treason, Envy, and a thousand more,
Attend his Courts; of which pernicious store
He sends abroad dire Troops throughout the World,
Made fit for mischief, and like Torches hurl'd
In mighty Piles, breed dangers where they come,
And vex the Nations with Commands from *Rome*;
Denouncing Purgatory and the Fire,
Where Active Spirits work and never tire,
Till mony frees 'em, or they there must stay,
Till *Plato*'s year of *Jubile* makes way
For their releasements: This did I believe
Till kinder Heaven did kindly undeceive,
And made me sensible of my Estate,
How I stood tott'ring on the brink of Fate,
By undermining Priests was prompted too
The cruell'st things that wretched man could do;
All dangerous Ills, wing'd with the foulest Crimes,
That thoughts can center at, or blackest Times
Expose to mortal Eyes, or bring to light,
Hatch'd in the shades of everlasting Night;
'Twas my intent to put in practice all,
But dreadful sins on the Promoters fall;
Pounding to Attoms those who strive to raise
The bailful Engins, and extincts their days;
For Kings are Heavens great Vice-roys, and that God
Who gave them Pow'r defends them with his Rod:
The Sacred Name of Majesty's Divine,
A God compacted in a mortal Shrine:
In vain are Plots, in vain Conspiracies,
Rome vainly vaunts of bearing Heavenly Keys;
Celestial! no——for why the oft mistakes
Them for the Keys that ope' Infernal Lakes,
From whence such swarms of deadly Locusts flye,
Whose dusky Wings obscure the clearing Skye;
Devour the Nations, and with Poyson-stings,
Corrupt the Scriptures, life Eternal springs;
Such have in thee, O *Brittish* Island, made
Dissention, Murders, and had all betray'd;

 Had

 'Tis

Had Mercy not the Fatal Act deny'd,
And turn'd the deadly Arrows in their ſide;
Preſerv'd the guiltleſs, and the guilty found:
Witneſs my ſelf, in dangerous Miſchiefs drown'd,
Muſt ſuffer juſtly, juſtly doom'd muſt dye,
For Crimes deſerving more, if more can be;
And likewiſe all thoſe cruel men that ſtrive
To ruine Nations, muſt at laſt arrive
To like diſgraceful Ends, Rewards for thoſe
Who Trade in miſchief, or with Treaſon cloſe.
Monks, *Jeſuits*, and all the wretched Train!
O ſhun ſuch crafty men, who ſtrive to Reign
And Lord it or'e the Conſciences of men,
To bring them into Slavery agen;
Worſe then *Egyptian* bondage, worſe then all
That did in *Egypt Jacob*'s Sons befall.
Nay worſe then *Babyloniſh* Tyrants, they
Firſt ſeiſe, and then inſult upon the Prey:
With ſmooth pretexts lead ſimple Souls aſide,
And make 'em then the Trophies of their Pride:
Therefore beware of ſuch, leſt after-times
Shou'd haunt your Conſcience with Eternal Crimes.
Bluſh not at admonition, but beware,
Leſt you're intangl'd in the ſelf ſame Snare
That is my lot, when all the Prieſts of *Rome*,
Have not the Power to ſave you from the doom
So juſtly paſs'd, no nor themſelves ſecure
From dangers that their Fatal Prides inure.
Therefore my Friends, whoe're you are, take heed
That you no farther do in Ills proceed;
Leſt you a wretched Expiation make,
And with me juſtly my Reward partake.

FINIS.